

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

WINTER'S TALE.

As Polidor, a simple clown, the son of an old shepherd of Bohemia, was hastening home to avoid a rising storm, his ears were assailed by the piteous cries of one in distress; when his humanity tempted him to run and offer his assistance, but a sense of danger induced him to act with caution. On advancing towards the place where the sound issued, a sight of horror struck his view. A gentleman, richly apparelled, was vainly struggling in the gripe of a ravenous bear, who tore him with merciless fury. His cries were dreadful, and on beholding Polidor he implored his help—offered him great rewards, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman—but his appeal was quickly ended, for in the midst of his supplications, the savage beast tore out his heart, when he gave one loud and lengthened groan of agony—and then his voice was hushed in endless silence. The poor clown wept; but this was not the only affecting appeal to humanity. While this horrid scene of carnage was acting, the threatening storm arose to appalling fury; the heavens appeared one sheet of living fire; the peals of thunder seemed to shake the very earth to its foundation: the sea roared tremendously, and a fine ship was tossed to and fro on its raging billows; the masts seemed as they would touch the fiery sky, and now again were buried in the foaming waves; the poor wretches on board wrung their hands in agony, and pierced the air with lamentations of indescribable anguish. At length, just at the dreadful moment when the bear tore out the heart of Antigonus, the vessel was dashed on a rock. Piercing shrieks, for an instant, overtopped the raging of the storm—and in the next, all was lost—no vestige remained of the ship or passengers—all was swallowed by the boisterous waves.

Polidor stood like one petrified; he strain-

ed his eyes—to perceive some traces of the vessel; and his ears—to listen for a sound from the poor gentleman, but all in vain: no voice was heard, no one was seen, and the youth, though not much given to softness, wept as he slowly retraced the path to his father's cottage. He had not proceeded far, when he stumbled on the old shepherd, seemingly lost in a trance, kneeling on the ground, bare headed, regardless of the storm which had just passed, and gazing intently on an infant, which he had taken from a box, well stored with gold and jewels. "What have you there, father?" inquired Polidor, "mercy be good unto us—a babe." "Yes, yes, troth, and a pretty babe too, Polidor, and money to boot—look here, boy." The old shepherd had been so occupied in contemplations of this fairy gift, as he called it, that he had never heeded the pelting of the storm, and was dripping wet with the rain; while the innocent child, who had engrossed all his attention, undisturbed by the warfare of the elements, slept soundly. The old man hastened home with his prize; but Polidor returned, as he said, to see if the bear had finished his dinner on the gentleman, and if he had, and there were any scraps left, he would turn sexton and bury them.

Polidor and his father, on his return, counted over the money again and again; and, tempted by the sight of so much wealth, resolved to keep the circumstance secret. The parents of the infant, they doubted not, had perished in the vessel; little danger of discovery therefore was to be apprehended; they however removed to some distance from their present residence, where the pretty foundling was brought up as the shepherd's daughter, ignorant of her high birth, but under the name of Perdita, which was written on a label and pinned to her bosom. This infant was daughter of Leontes, King of Sicilia: and, by the order of her cruel father, had been sent from home for the purpose of being thus exposed in some strange country to perish: he being irritated against his queen through an impulse of unfounded jealousy.

Leontes, previous to the death of his father, had visited the court of Russia, where

he became enamoured of, and married Hermione daughter of the emperor; a lady of great beauty and accomplishment. They had lived together in the most perfect happiness for some years, and their union had been blessed by one son, Mamillius, a boy of rare qualifications, who possessing a shrewdness of sentiment, and an acute sensibility uncommon at his years, was justly beloved by his parents and by the whole court. Leontes had, in his boyish days, a friend and companion whom he highly loved and esteemed, Polixenes, son of the King of Bohemia. They had been educated together; and when Polixenes, on the death of his father, went to take possession of the throne, it was a painful separation to the youthful friends. Leontes soon afterwards succeeded his father in Sicilia. Several years had elapsed since they had met, and when Bohemia, at the long and frequent intercession of Leontes, paid a visit to the court of Sicilia, he had been received with every demonstration of joy. Hermione, in her earnest desire to please her husband, paid the most pointed attention to Polixenes; and Polixenes, valuing her as the exclusive property of his dearly loved friend and brother, considered her as a sister, and treated her with affection and kindness. For a long time Leontes considered this as it really was—a tribute of respect to himself; but by degrees a feeling of jealousy took possession of his mind, and when Polixenes, at the earnest request of Hermione, agreed to extend his visitation some short time, a request which he had positively refused to Leontes, it was a confirmation of his jealous feelings: yet he suppressed his irritation; and while Hermione with artless good humour was conversing with Polixenes, Leontes, under pretence of playing with his young son the Prince Mamillius, seized the opportunity of anxiously watching the countenance, and listening to the conversation of his suspected wife and friend. Hermione happy in the idea of having obliged her beloved Leontes, was more than usually gay, and looked more than usually beautiful; little supposing that she was furnishing arms against herself, and feeding the demon of jealousy in the breast of her husband. Leontes, who was by nature, petulant, and whose love towards Hermione was so ardent, that his resentment rose in proportion, being now confirmed to this suspicion, his rage exceeded all bounds; he shut his mind against conviction; and when his lords ventured to speak in defence of the queen, he violently repulsed them, accusing them of disloyalty and treason.

Camillo, the most favoured lord of his court, was commissioned by Leontes to put poison in the cup, out of which Polixenes should drink; and Camillo having obtained

from the king a promise, that on condition of Polixenes' removal, he would again take his queen into favour, undertook the disgraceful office, without, however, any intention of putting it into execution. He sought an interview with the king of Bohemia, of whose innocence he felt well assured, and whose life he was determined to preserve; then freely imparted the jealousy of Leontes and his order given for Polixenes' death, and counselled him for his own sake, and for the sake of the injured Hermione immediately to quit Sicilia: hoping that when he was once fairly removed, Leontes' jealousy would cease, and the queen be restored to his affections. Camillo, by this counsel, proved himself a virtuous man, rather than a favoured courtier. He loved Leontes; but he loved justice more. He well knew that if he performed the bidding of his sovereign master, promotion, honours, and distinctions would follow; that if he refused, he must for ever be an exile from his native land; or, if remaining in it, that his life would pay the forfeit of his obstinacy:—yet Camillo hesitated not in his determination; he would not, for the hope of reward, disturb the slumbers of a quit conscience, nor awaken his mind to bitter reflections. By the office which he held, he had the power to unclosethe several posterns which surrounded the city; and at midnight, under his protection, Polixenes and his followers made their escape; and, getting on board a vessel, set sail before the dawn of morning for Bohemia. When Leontes heard of the departure of Polixenes and the apostacy of Camillo, his former rage amounted almost to insanity; and far from restoring Hermione to favour as Camillo had hoped, it more confirmed his anger. He publicly accused her of infidelity to his bed, and of aiding and abetting Polixenes and Camillo in their secret escape. Her assertions of innocence were vain; the impetuous Leontes, without mercy, unfeelingly ordered her to prison, and forbade any one to speak in her behalf. Hermione was equally astonished and afflicted, at an accusation so unexpected and so unmerited; yet the pride of majesty sustained her: she shed no tears, but raised her eyes to heaven, with a mournful hope of consolation in Leontes' speedy conviction of her innocence.

She was conducted to prison, and forbidden all communication except with the ladies who were permitted to attend her; even the young prince's visits were not allowed. This cruel mandate of the king was a heavy affliction to Hermione; and the sweet boy, who could not endure the thoughts of his mother's affliction and disgrace, sunk into a state of melancholy which put his life in danger. Meantime Leontes, for the sa-

satisfaction of the lords of his court, all of whom appeared to cherish an idea of Hermione's innocence, dispatched two of his nobles, Cleomenes and Dion, to Delphes, to consult the oracle of Apollo. The intervening time was spent in anxiety. The poor imprisoned Hermione was delivered of a daughter, whose helpless infancy would, she hoped, be an advocate with her incensed husband; but who should dare present it to him? It was an office few would venture to undertake; and her busy fancy could hardly fix on one to whom she could apply with any prospect of success. While she was deliberating, and consulting with her faithful attendants on this important subject, Paulina the wife of Lord Antigonus, came to the prison: but the gaoler dared not admit her to the presence of the queen; so rigid were his orders. But as these orders did not extend towards the queen's women, he willingly conducted the lady Emilia to her presence. From her she learnt the news of the queen's delivery; and then entreated that she might be intrusted with the infant to present to the king. Emilia, overjoyed, informed the lady Paulina, that her majesty languished for such a kind messenger, and prayed to Heaven to speed her in her pious errand. The innocent babe was given to her care; and, boldly entering the presence of Leontes, she laid the princess at his feet, imploring him to look with an eye of tenderness, on the infant image of himself. Leontes, firmly persuaded that Polixenes, and not he, was the father of this poor babe, would not look on it; but sternly commanded Paulina to take it thence, and accused Antigonus of being a party concerned in the presumption of his wife's conduct. Paulina, bold, high spirited, and proud in the justice of her cause, heeded not the king's displeasure, but freely uttered her disapprobation of his proceedings, in spite of his frowning, stamping, raving, and commands for her silence; when he, finding that he could not himself stop the current of her wrath, ordered the lords to take her from his presence.

The lady Paulina stretched out her hand in a commanding attitude to repel their advances, coolly telling them, "that he who made trifles of his eyes, might first hand her—of her own accord she would quit the presence; but first should execute the errand on which she came"—again she presented the babe, and again he repulsed her. Loudly she now proclaimed the innocence of the queen; loudly and imperiously she accused the king of cruelty, injustice, tyranny, and weakness; again, and again he commanded her from his sight, and again, and again she refused obedience; till enraged at her obstinacy, he told Antigonus he ought to be hung for not having power enough to

stay the tongue of his wife. Paulina left the chamber without the princess, bidding the king look to his babe, and take due care of that which was his own. Leontes, on her departure, ordered that Antigonus should take the child, and throw it in the flames; if within an hour he did not bring testimony of the deed, his life should pay the forfeit, and he would himself dash out the infant's brains! His lords appealed to him; begged him to consider his own safety, and the safety of the realm, which would certainly be endangered by any violence being offered to the young princess. Leontes, though not much disposed to follow advice in his present irritable state of mind, yet considered these remarks as seasonable; he therefore inquired whether Antigonus was willing to preserve the life of this deserted infant, which that lord solemnly promised to undertake at the hazard of his own. Leontes then, giving him store of gold and jewels, bade him on his oath to convey the infant to some place out of his dominions and commit it to the care of heaven, to live or die as fate should direct; and a vessel was provided to conduct him on his journey.

Antigonus took a mournful leave of his wife, and set sail with his infant charge, towards some distant land. While on his voyage his mind was greatly agitated by the vision of his mother appearing to him, as also the spirit of Hermione, who overcharged with sorrow, till she was scarce able to give her wishes utterance, implored him to convey the infant to the shores of Bohemia, and place a label on its breast, to signify its name should be Perdita, as counted lost forever; and when the sorrowing vision had pronounced its orders respecting the princely foundling, it warned Antigonus that he should never again behold his wife; then shrieking melted into air. Antigonus interpreted this dream, or vision, into an express command from Apollo, to convey the infant to Bohemia, as being in reality the offspring of Polixenes; and that it should be a resident either living or dead, on the land of its father. He therefore on the following morning gave orders to the master of the vessel to make all sail for the kingdom of Bohemia, whither on the morning of the next day they arrived, and beneath a frowning sky, louring as with displeasure, they landed; the master returning to the vessel to perish by the pitiless storm, while the ill-fated Antigonus met a more dreadful fate on shore.

The resentment of Leontes rather increased than abated after the departure of Antigonus with the princess; and the increasing indisposition of the prince Mamilius, while it excited his paternal fears, increased his hatred towards the queen, whom he considered as the cause. Thinking he

should appease the anger of the gods, who afflicted the son for the guilt of the mother, he would not wait the return of Cleomenes and Dion from Delphos, but formed a tribunal, and summoned Hermione to her trial. Her beauty, her dignity of deportment, her want of health and strength, to bear up against such treatment, won all hearts in her favour; yet none durst speak. Leontes was absolute; he governed the laws, and could with impunity "wrest them to his authority." One only hope therefore remained: the oracle, they trusted, would declare her innocent; and on that hope they rested.

Hermione pleaded her cause with sweetness and eloquence; and her integrity stood manifest, to all but the self-willed Leontes, who without mercy pronounced her guilty. The unhappy Hermione, though she did not value her life now rendered wretched by his cruelty, yet still felt that her honour was dear; she appealed to the lords who sat in counsel, referring them to the oracle, and claiming that Apollo should be her judge. This was an appeal which, according to the laws of Sicilia, Leontes could not refuse; the lords Cleomenes and Dion, who were just arrived, were accordingly summoned to appear in court; and having sworn on the sword of justice, that they had been at Delphus, and brought from thence the oracle of Apollo sealed up, and by the hand of the sacred priest delivered, and that they were ignorant of the secrets therein contained, the officer of the court broke the seal, and read aloud the sentence of God—"Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is, be not found."

An exclamation of joy burst from the whole court, at this declaration of the queen's innocence: but Leontes, incensed at their raptures, asserted that the oracle was either false, or the messengers were suborned; and that the trial should proceed. At that moment an attendant rushed into the counsel chamber, to announce the death of the young prince. The sweet child, happening to be at the window, saw his mother pass to the scene of her persecution—which so operated on the sensibility and bodily weakness that it occasioned his immediate dissolution. Hermione, at the dreadful intelligence, shrieked and fainted; and Leontes, struck to the heart by this circumstance, more than if ten thousand tongues of the most persuasive eloquence had pleaded the cause of his injured wife, in one instant felt convinced of her innocence, and trembled at the vengeance of Heaven, which he conceived he had incurred by his own injustice and impetuosity. He now determined to make every atonement, which fu-

ture tenderness could suggest; but his hopes were soon put to flight. Scarcely an hour had elapsed, from the time that Hermione, under the care of her women had been conducted to her own apartment, ere the lady Paulina, in the utmost consternation, informed him of the death of the queen, loading him with the most bitter invectives. Leontes stood silent, not by any word or look checking her violence for a length of time; and when his sorrow would suffer him to speak, he bade her "go on—speak her worst, she could not say more than he deserved." The sufferings of Leontes were beyond human calculation; his sorrows were deep, not loud, and they seemed to bid defiance to all desolation. But a few weeks past, and he was happy to the fullest extent; now he was bereft of children, wife, and friend; the richest treasures man can boast, bereft by his own fault. Proclamations were issued through the kingdom, and the neighbouring states, offering large rewards to any who should give intelligence of the lord Antigonus, and the young princess; and under the hope of his child's restoration, he lived, if dragging on a gloomy existence could be termed living.

Meantime, Perdita grew up to womanhood, and improved daily in beauty and sweetness; so that her fame was spread abroad, even whilst filling the lowly station of a shepherdess. Though her reputed father was considered wealthy, yet many were pleased to dispute, whether the beautiful shepherdess could be the offspring of a swain so humble; but, as he had only taken up his residence in his present abode, after the birth of Perdita, no one could ascertain the fact. Florizel, the only son of Polixenes, was one day hunting in the wilds near the habitation of Perdita's reputed father. He had, in the eagerness of pursuit, been separated from his friends, and lost his way; when weary and thirsty he spied a rural habitation, and making towards it, requested some refreshment. He was received by Polidor and his father with the most perfect cordiality—and presently Perdita brought curds and cream, the simple fare of the cottage. He was struck with her exquisite loveliness and the dignified sweetness of her manner, a manner and person that looked more like a resident of the most splendid courts, than the inmate of a lowly cot. Inadvertently he expressed his admiration, which the beautiful shepherdess received, with a blushing modesty that enhanced her charms; and Florizel, having conceived the idea of paying court to this rural beauty, hastened away, lest by any chance his companions should find his retreat, and thereby make discovery of his high rank. Sleep never closed his eyes during the night; the image of the lovely, artless, and elegant Perdita

floated before his fancy; and he counted the moments which must intervene ere he should again behold her.

On the following day he proceeded to pay his visit. His heart beat as he approached the cottage, and he had scarce resolution to advance; but at length he alighted, and, tying his horse to a tree, with folded arms and a slow irresolute step walked onwards. At a sudden turning in the road he beheld Perdita seated on a bank in a pensive attitude; on his approach she started, and the crimson glow which suffused her cheeks, together with the confusion of her manner, assured him that, however powerful the impression she had made on his heart might be, still it was reciprocal. He caught her hand almost unconsciously, and pressed it to his lips, "Beautiful Perdita," said he, "may I ask what was the subject of your contemplation?" "I was just wishing," she replied with sweet simplicity, "that I were a great princess, or a queen." "And why, sweet Perdita, why would you be a queen?" "Because then I should be—more worthy of—of—" "More worthy of my love, sweet maid, would you imply that?"

He, then, gently passed his arm round her waist, but she turned her head away, and covered her face with her hand; whilst the deepest glow of crimson tinged her snowy neck and arms. Florizel, enraptured, threw himself at her feet, and declared his ardent love, which she joyfully received, owning with artless simplicity an equal tenderness; but prudently telling him she would not admit his visits without the consent of her father and brother. Florizel was now at a loss to know in what manner he could ask the hand of Perdita, or whom he should say he was. To acknowledge himself the king's son was to shut himself from her presence; for her father dared not on the pain of death give encouragement to the heir of the throne. He was suddenly lost in thought; Perdita inquired the cause; and he, relying on her prudence, informed her of his rank. The lovely maid turned pale at this discovery; a discovery which for a moment chilled her hopes, and removed her to an immeasurable distance from the object of her idolatry. "Leave me, begone," she said, wiping her streaming eyes. "And yet not so," she continued; her self-possession now returned, the glow of animation spread over her countenance, her eyes sparkled, her chest expanded, and a commanding sovereignty spread over her sylph like form, which, to the wondering eyes of Florizel, appeared sublime. He did not find much difficulty in persuading Perdita to keep the secret of his birth; then forming a tale of his circumstances and station, which passed current with the old shepherd and his son, and assuming the name of Doricles, his

visits and addresses were admitted, and the day for their marriage fixed. The abstraction of Florizel from all his accustomed studies, and his frequent absence from court for hours and days together, attracted the attention of Polixenes; and his friend Camillo undertook to watch his haunts, and bring an account of the cause which had made such an alteration in his accustomed habits and manners. He soon gained intelligence of his visits to a cottage, and of the fame and beauty of the old shepherd's daughter. It was then resolved, that the king and his trusty Camillo in disguise should visit the old shepherd, and learn the young prince's intentions.

The nuptial morning came, and all was mirth and gaiety. Perdita, in her simple attire, looked like a goddess; and Florizel, in his lowly garb, looked nothing less than princely. While the sports were going on, two strangers appeared amongst them, who were cordially welcomed by Perdita, Polidor, and the old shepherd. These strangers were Polixenes and Camillo, so well disguised that Florizel had not any suspicion of them. When the ceremony of marriage was about to commence, he stepped between the lovers, and, by the authority of a father, commanded them to proceed no further: ordering Florizel to return to his obedience: and threatening the old shepherd and his son with punishment, nay, even death, if they suffered the prince to remain one hour under their roof. He then departed, leaving Camillo to follow with his undutiful son. The scene of happiness was now changed; the old shepherd reproached Florizel and Perdita with cruelty, and gave himself up to despair under the king's displeasure. Perdita looked piteously on the prince, as if she would have gazed her soul away; but he bade her be of comfort, and told Camillo, that "not for all Bohemia, for all its pomp, and wealth, and grandeur, for all that the sun shone on, that the wide earth enclosed, or the fathomless seas hide, would he break his oath to his fair beloved." Camillo, who loved the prince, was desirous of serving him; and thought he knew a means by which he could promote his interest, and at the same time gratify himself. He had been as happy in Bohemia as a banished man could be, but his mind at intervals reverted to the place of his birth, and he longed to revisit the scenes of his infancy. This feeling, as he advanced in years, became more powerful; and having received an invitation from his repentant master, to return again, he languished to behold him, and to grant that forgiveness which he had deigned to solicit. He had, therefore, entreated the permission of Polixenes to return, but in vain; for so highly did he prize his society, he could

not be prevailed on to consent to his departure. An idea now crossed his mind, to persuade Florizel to visit the court of Sicilia; for which purpose he would furnish him with papers, so as to enable him to pass on Leontes as having been sent by his father, with kind remembrances, and solicitations for a renewal of friendship; he would also supply him with means to appear as the prince of Bohemia. The anxious lover rejoiced at this proposal; and nothing remained but to procure disguises, lest prying curiosity should watch their steps. Good fortune happily furnished Florizel with all due expedition. A favourable wind soon wafted them to the shores of Sicilia, where Florizel and Perdita, equipping themselves with such dignity as became them, prepared to visit Leontes.

One universal gloom had overspread the court of Sicilia ever since the fatal period of Hermione's death: no ray of joy had ever displayed itself in the mind of Leontes; and his only pleasure was to sit and converse with the lady Paulina, about his wife and children. Paulina cherished in him the idea of his infant being found; and on this hope he fed, this only hope which rendered life endurable. Years passed on, and his courtiers had never dared to propose a second marriage; but it became at length necessary such a proposition should be made. The king was sinking into premature decay; the throne would be left without an heir; and the kingdom exposed to the depredations of other princes, who might choose to contend for the possession of a crown left vacant by the death of its master. The most favourite of his courtiers broke the subject to him, but he spurned the very idea of a second marriage. Leontes thought he should be relieved of some portion of his sorrow, could he be reconciled to Polixenes and Camillo; he therefore dispatched messengers to the kingdom of Bohemia, to solicit the pardon of Polixenes, and the return of Camillo. The messenger, did not speed well with Polixenes, who could not easily forgive what he considered Leontes' murder of his wife and children; but Camillo, whose heart yearned to his native home, and whose love to his royal master induced him to forget his crimes in his sufferings, endeavoured to prevail on the king to visit Sicilia, without any chance of success, however, till the departure of the young prince Florizel. He was then successful; and, after using his utmost eloquence to procure his son's pardon, he easily prevailed on the king to follow the young couple to Sicilia.

It was on a day when the courtiers were making trial of their most powerful eloquence to induce Leontes to marry, that the arrival of the prince and princess of Bohemia was announced. A visit so sudden

and unexpected, and attended with so little regal ceremony, somewhat surprised Leontes; but Florizel was so well furnished with explanations by the care and circumspection of Camillo, that all appeared perfectly correct, and they were most cordially received by Leontes, who gazed on them with a mingled sensation of sorrow and joy. The greetings were scarcely passed, when new wonders took place. A messenger announced the arrival of the king of Bohemia, whose errand was to reclaim his recreant son, who had taken flight with a shepherd's daughter. The beautiful Perdita, thus stripped of her borrowed plumes, for Florizel had introduced her as a princess, of Libya, stood abashed; but her loveliness, her youth and striking resemblance to the dead Hermione, so fixed the attention and admiration of Leontes, that he gazed on the fair impostor with eyes of love, and thought that had his courtiers presented to him this excellent creature, the dread of marriage would have been less acute. Florizel earnestly besought his influence with Bohemia, to procure his pardon and permission to marry Perdita, whom alone he loved; and Leontes, interested for the young couple, and fascinated with the beauty of Perdita, promised his assistance.

Long years of anguish were now about to be repaid with joy the most exquisite. Bohemia, on his way to the court of Leontes, discovered the old shepherd and his son, who were wandering about to see what could be seen, little dreaming to encounter the exasperated king, from whose vengeance they considered themselves secure. He ordered them to be seized:—the poor wretches trembled, wept, prayed, kissed the earth, and in their confusion every sentence they spoke was a contradiction to that which they had spoken before, while Bohemia, enraged, stamped, foamed, and threatened them with death in every shape. They were conducted to the court, and the king's transports of rage being restrained by the sight of Leontes, the friend and beloved companion of his early days, the two culprits were questioned with more mildness; and the old man then disclosed the manner in which he had found the child, who had been brought up as his daughter; produced the box which contained the full testimonials of her birth, the mantle and jewels of Hermione, and also letters in the well-known hand-writing of Antigonus, whose death, and the wreck of the ship which bore him from Sicilia, were all "confirmations—strong as proofs of holy writ," that this beautiful image of Hermione was Hermione's daughter, and heir to the Sicilian throne. Imagination may picture, but tongue or pen would fail to describe the ecstasy which filled each breast, when the lovely Perdita was clasped to the bosom of

her enraptured father, as also to that of Polixenes, who presented her to his son, and prayed the heavens to shower down blessings on them. The faithful Paulina gazed on the princess, caught her in her arms, thanked the gods that the oracle was at length fulfilled—in restoring the lost infant;—and then again she wept at the sad recital of her husband's dreadful death.

When the first transports of joy were over, Perdita begged to be conducted to the tomb of her mother, at that sacred shrine to offer her thanksgivings to the gods for this blessed restoration: "Would you not rather see the statue of your excellent mother, princess? (inquired Paulina) I have a statue of the queen just finished, the performance of many years, and but even now completed by the rare Italian master Julio Romano." Perdita was delighted at the thought; Leontes no less so—and they immediately proceeded to a retired house belonging to Paulina, where, since the death of Hermione, few had been permitted to enter. Paulina conducted her visitors to a chapel behind her house, where, drawing back a sable curtain, she presented to view a statue so exquisitely wrought, that it appeared inspired with life and animation, and so striking a resemblance of Hermione, that Leontes stood amazed, and Perdita was lost in admiration at this beautiful semblance of her departed mother, whose hand she would have kissed but that Paulina forbid her, saying "the statue was but newly fixed—the colours are not dry." Leontes, when his first surprise was over, and his mingled sensations of pain and pleasure had vented themselves, burst out into exclamations of wonder at the sculptor's art, which thus could personate the life, and was rushing to embrace the beauteous statue of his loved, his murdered queen—but he was also prevented by Paulina, who begged him to control his feelings. "Oh, not these twenty years—(exclaimed Leontes)—I could gaze on that beauteous form for ever." And I too (said the weeping Perdita), I could gaze until my eye-strings cracked with very weariness. Beseech you, lady, let me behold her longer." "Either forbear, and quit the chapel (said Paulina), or prepare you for more amazement. If you have spirits, sir, to bear it, I'll make the statue move, and take you by the hand: but your perchance may think I am assisted by wicked powers."

Leontes told her he was prepared to look on all she could undertake to do, for it was as easy to make the statue speak as move. Paulina then commanded that music should sound—when instantly the solemn peal of the organ reverberated through the arched roof, while all present stood in breathless anxiety to know where this awful ceremony would end! Presently the statue began to move from its incumbent posture, and the

eye before fixed on vacancy rested on Leontes. With a slow and majestic step she descended from the lofty pedestal and presented her hand to Leontes; he grasped it eagerly—it was warm, and glowing! He embraced the beauteous form—it returned the pressure!—and Leontes started back in terror and amazement! "Speak, dearest lady—(said the faithful Paulina)—convince them that you live! and you, sweet maid, kneel and pray your mother's blessing!—Look, dear madam! best Hermione, look; behold our Perdita is found. Perdita rushed to her mother's feet and grasping her hand, devoured it with kisses. Hermione gazed on her with delight, and folding her to her enraptured heart, entreated to know how she had been preserved—where lived—and how restored to her father's court;—but Paulina checked her eager inquiries, lest she should agitate her mind too powerfully: for so much joy after so much sorrow was a trial of strength both mental and bodily. Again the full swelling organ sounded; but now it sounded notes of joy and triumph, accompanied by the loud peal of human voices, which were raised to heaven in gratitude for this miraculous preservation.

Hermione, between her husband and daughter, was conducted to the court, amid the acclamations of the multitudes who, having heard the joyful tidings, were flocking from every quarter of the city to greet their new-found queen and princess. When Paulina had announced to Leontes the death of Hermione, she had no idea that she was asserting a falsehood. The semblance of death was so strong, that all who saw gave credence to it. Paulina never left her mistress night or day, and it was during her midnight watch that a faint sigh met her ear. She was alarmed—but stifling her terrors, she exerted her utmost resolution, supposing the sainted spirit of her departed mistress was hovering near, to give some dear commission to her charge. She advanced near the coffin; another and a deeper sigh was issued; she put her hand upon the cheek, and on the lips, where some faint touch of warmth was apparent. Paulina, without calling any one to her assistance, summoned all her energy and presence of mind; and, by various medicinal applications, succeeded in bringing back the vital warmth of existence. When Hermione was sufficiently recovered to enter into conversation, it was agreed between them that till the oracle was fulfilled, and her child restored, she should be considered as dead. By the contrivance of Paulina, a fictitious funeral took place, while, in the dead of night, she conveyed the queen to her own house, where in secret she had ever since resided, till this blissful hour, which had restored her at once to her husband and her child—her friends, her subjects, and her throne.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS IN BRITTANY.

THE manners of the natives of Brittany, of those at least who have religiously preserved the traditions of their ancestors, are well worthy the attention of travellers. In the midst of an immense population, whose national physiognomy is so much altered as not to present the remains of its peculiar type, how great must be the surprise of an observer at meeting with a peasantry ten times renewed in the course of five centuries, without having adopted any new habits, any amelioration in their costume, any change in their language, any modification from the original character, which they derive from the Gothic ages. They appear to take a delight in slovenliness: their dress always covered with dust and filth, is composed of coarse stuff, and in shape resembles that of the old Dutch peasantry. In some districts, the men add to a large waistcoat with sleeves, thrown over a shorter one a goat's skin, which exhales a smell not more offensive than the hair and bodies of these savages.

Long and bushy hair is not an object of mere ornament for the natives of Brittany; it is suffered to grow without any care, in order that it may be offered, under certain circumstances of life, to some saint or virgin, who may be held in repute amongst them. We have seen, in a church of the small town of Dinan, a chapel, where the image of a saint (an ill-shapen piece of wood, bedaubed over with glaring colours) had several consecrated heads of hair about it forming together, as may be imagined, a very whimsical figure. These grotesque saints ranged round the chapel, presented the appearance of casks placed in a row in a vinegar manufactory; and when adorned with these repugnant offerings, conveyed the idea of a temple of cannibals, decorated by the devotion of a warlike tribe, with the only remains of the vanquished which they could not devour.

The women are generally of short stature: their costume is not becoming their small figures; they are not cleaner than the men. Those who carry on the fishing trade, and have frequent intercourse with the towns, are habitually in a state of drunkenness, of which, out of respect for our readers, we spare them a description. The greater number of these women, since we must call them by that name, though they bear little resemblance to a sex in which they appear to be ranked as it were by mistake, retain all the habits of the men of a corresponding

class. It is common to see them chewing tobacco, and getting intoxicated at the same time with the fumes of the tobacco-leaf, which they are in the practice of smoking. The women of the interior of the country do not exhibit such extraordinary customs and inclinations as those who live amongst the rocks and on the sea-shore: they are, however, as little careful of their persons. We have found cottages which we could not have entered without running the risk of sinking into a pool of stagnant water, that infected the atmosphere of an unpaved habitation, and proceeded from the abundant rains of Brittany, and from the drainings of the ox-stall and pig-sties. We have seen many a young girl, whose freshness and beauty could scarce be discovered through filth that disguised the features of her charming face, and who wanted nothing more than an elegant dress, and the habit of daily ablutions, in order to bear the palm in a circle of handsome women.

In the greater part of the dwellings of the peasantry of lower Brittany, the beds are found to be of a totally different construction from those in use in other parts of France. A single piece of furniture, not unlike the large elevated wardrobes, which contain the dresses and household linen of the most affluent of other country people, serves the purpose of beds:—for the parents in the first shelf, for the grown girls in the next, higher up for the young men, and in the last for children under ten years of age. We were benighted at the entrance of a small village, and forced to apply for hospitality to a worthy peasant, who, in the most obliging manner, gave us shelter in his hut. This man was marrying his daughter, a full-grown handsome lass, for two years betrothed to a young husband, who had served in the ranks of the brave legions of the west, and made with them that campaign so glorious to the Britons, by their having decided the success of the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, to which the division of marine artillery had so powerfully contributed. We were presently invited by the head of the family to partake of the repast, which our arrival had interrupted; and when it was the hour of rest—when the national songs had ceased—when the bridegroom had sung the air *ha la nigousse, ah ma douce* (come to bed, old woman)—when the usual instrument, which resembles a bagpipe, and produces a harsh and shrill sound, had given the signal to the company, who joined in chorus with a frightful noise; the worthy peasant kindly accosted us, and said, in a language of which we could only collect a few words, that the only shelf of his bed-press that could afford us any accommodation, was that of his son, a lad of 16 years of age. We thanked our landlord, and accepted his offer. A man of

tall stature and open countenance next accosted us in these words—"Should you feel incommoded by what is going forward, and wish for a quiet sleep, you will oblige me by coming with me, and taking share of my bed." "We would eagerly accept your kind offer," was our reply to this open-hearted, obliging Briton, on whose breast shone a large gold cross, hanging by a red riband, and who, we soon discovered, had served as a captain in the old guard—"we would eagerly accept it, were we not afraid of offending the person who has given us such a hearty welcome." You are quite right, good night, then," said the ex-officer, smiling at our military dress. We accordingly ascended to the third story; the second was occupied by the new couple. We avoided every act of indiscretion; we did not even pay attention to their amorous talk. We have already observed that the language of the Britons was unknown to us. When the night was far advanced, we heard a noise like the grunting of a pig. We inquired the next morning from whence had proceeded the noise; it was, in fact, from a hog, who was an old inmate of the press, and lodged in the lower part of it.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

FRANKENSTEIN.—Our countrymen are in a great degree, matter-of-fact men, not much inclined to romantic enthusiasm. Nevertheless, they relish occasionally a touch of the horrific, and this new drama has enough to satisfy the most voracious appetite. It is dramatized from Mrs. Shelley's story of the modern Prometheus. Frankenstein is a German student, who after deep research acquaints himself with the principles of life, and imparts it to a human body of his own creation.

The drama opens with a soliloquy of Placide in the character of Fritz, the servant of Frankenstein. Like all his other performances, the part is sustained throughout with humour and animation. After a few preparatory scenes Frankenstein enters and going up a balcony, passes into his laboratory to finish his undertaking. Through the window above the balcony, a blue flame ascends while the process of animation goes on. Presently the student rushes out in horror, appalled at the sight of the being he

has created. The demon bursts through the door, springs over the balcony, and stands before the affrighted Frankenstein. The latter seizes a sword which breaks against the monster's arm, and the student is dashed to the earth. The scene changes, a group of gypsies are seated around their forest fire; the demon rushes down a rock and disperses them in alarm. He is left alone, and the sound of a peasant's music is heard in the wood—the demon starts, listens in amazement, fear, and admiration—his heart heaves, and his hands are dashed against his heart as if they also could feel the singular and novel emotions caused by melody—at last overcome by his strange feelings, the demon weeps and falls to the ground.

The scene is changed to a cottage; a blind man sits before its entrance playing on a harp, the demon enters and listens in delight—at the sight of the blind man's son, he retreats unobserved—the peasant takes up an axe—cuts some logs of wood and retires. The monster reappears; his first emotion is that of gratitude, he seizes the axe—passes out, and returns laden with wood, which he throws at the blind man's feet and departs.

Soon afterwards we see the interior of the cottage; its doors are open, through which is seen a bridge and a forest. The blind man and his daughter are seated within. She rises and as she passes through the door, the form of the demon is seen, returning by impulse to the spot where the blind man's harp had before enchanted him. The girl beholds him—shrieks and falls; he springs from the bridge—catches her in his arms, and brings her gently to the old man. This action is also grateful and good; but the son enters at the moment and fires his gun at the demon. The creature's spirit is now turned to revenge—he fires the cottage and dashes away through the flames.

Relentless and destroying, after these events, the demon passes to and fro, murdering all that is dear to the unfortunate Frankenstein. At last we see him rushing across the mountains, pursued by the student, who overtakes him beneath an avalanche—fires a pistol at him, and the concussion of the air brings down the snowy mass, which buries in death both the demon and the pursuer.

We have sketched this from memory of the acting and the scenery, and may perchance have erred in some of the *minutiae*, but the general picture is correct.

We must not conclude this article without complimenting Mr. Jervis on his personation of the demon, particularly in the scene where the sound of music first thrills on his ear. The extending of his hands to heaven as if the melody came thence, was happy and classical, for even in a being thus created, the natural and undefined idea of something better and brighter than earth, would turn the eye upwards to a sight more grand and more beautiful than that which is around and beneath. To a being thus formed and placed on the earth, that part of creation which would fix his opening eye in admiration and wonder, would be the bright and boundless arch that hung above him.

B.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF BISHOP THE COMPOSER.

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP was born in London, and early in life was placed under the musical tuition of the celebrated Francesco Bianchi. In the year 1806, he commenced the course of composition which still distinguishes him, by a part of the music of a ballet produced at the King's theatre, under the title of 'Tamerlan et Bajazet;' subsequently to which he wrote the ballet called 'Narcisse et les Graces.' After the lapse of two seasons, he came forward at Drury-lane theatre with 'Caractacus,' a grand ballet of action, in which his efforts were again successful; but when about twelvemonths afterwards, he made his first decided attempt as a dramatic composer, it was thwarted by circumstances of peculiar gloom and misfortune. On the 23d of February 1809, an opera, called the 'Circassian Bride,' was produced at Drury-lane, with Bishop's music. On the following night Drury-lane theatre was burnt to the ground, and the scores of the new opera were entirely consumed in the flames. This music had been received with enthusiasm by those who were qualified to criticise it, and there are specimens still occasionally performed, such as the duet of 'I'll love thee,' which amply communicate the extent of the loss. But by a calamity even of this extent, Bishop's tide of fortune was not to be turned; the proprietors of Covent-garden theatre, seeing his merits, and knowing how to employ

them, formed an engagement with him for three years, to compose and direct the music of that establishment. He entered on this important office with the season of 1810-11. The first piece, in consequence of this arrangement, upon which Bishop's talents were employed, was a musical drama in three acts, by Norton, selected from Scott's poem of the Lady of the Lake, with some unimportant variations, and produced as the 'Knight of Snowdown.' In the music of this piece Bishop displayed a degree of talent seldom surpassed by British composers. Before the expiration of this engagement, the 'Virgin of the sun,' the 'Æthiop,' and the 'Renegade,' were produced; and the great musical picture of a storm and earthquake, with which the first of these pieces was enriched, will be long and rapturously remembered. A fresh engagement, for five years, was now concluded; and when we say that Bishop signalized it immediately by the 'Miller and his Men,' no ampler proof can be given of the indications with which it commenced. 'For England ho!' a melodramatic trifle of superior pretensions, next enabled him to maintain the impression his prior works had just made.

A new engagement of Bishop at Covent-garden theatre took place in 1818, and being made, as before, for a term of five years, of course expired with the last season. In 1819, he became a joint proprietor of the oratorios with Mr. Harris, and they were confided to his exclusive direction; in 1820, a separation of interests occurred, and these splendid performances were conducted by Bishop on his own responsibility, and under his entire control. Arrangements had been made which invested him with the same degree of power for seven successive seasons; he profited, however, by a clause in the contract to relinquish them at the end of the first, and withdrew to the continuance of those theatrical avocations they had too sensibly interrupted.

A great public honour was paid to Bishop in the autumn of 1820, when he visited Dublin, and received the freedom of that city by the cordial and unanimous suffrage of those who presented it. On the institution of the Philharmonic Society, he was appointed one of its directors; he has also held the same office several times since. He further belongs to the royal academy of music, as a professor of harmony. Bishop has been concerned in the production of more than seventy theatrical pieces; of this number, more than half are his own unassisted compositions. He also supplied the music of three tragedies, the 'Apostate,' 'Retribution,' and 'Mirandola;' and a 'Triumphal Ode,' performed at the oratorios; he has published a multiplicity of single songs, duets, glees, &c. of great merit. He arranged

the first volume of the 'Melodies of various Nations;' three volumes of the 'National Melodies' are also furnished with his symphonies and accompaniments; and he has finally stipulated with Mr. Power to superintend his future publications of Irish and other classical airs.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

Report on certain Species of Fish in the Western Waters.

FRENCH Creek, a large branch of Alleghany River, contains excellent fish; while at Meadville and Franklin, several species were brought to market, among others the following:

1. A *Herring*, (or *Clupea*) caught not far from old fort Venango, near Franklin Village. It belongs to the section of the genus having a carinated belly, without serræ or notches. The scales very deciduous. The surface a shining white. The tongue beset with pointed teeth, and a row of smaller teeth in the jaw. Quite different from any seen in the water near New-York city, and about the size of the *Shadine* or *Clupea Sardina* of the bays around Long Island.

2. *The Great Pike of the North American Lakes and Streams.*—It is, in the language of naturalists, an *Esox*; or huge fresh water pike. A very large one was purchased by the inn-keeper at Meadville while I was there. The ichthyological description of an individual brought to New-York city, in August 1824, and weighing thirty pounds, was published at large in our *MINERVA* for August 14, p. 297-8. There is now (Dec. 13,) a fish of this species in town, from Sackets Harbour, Lake Ontario, that weighs 41½ pounds. The native Indians called it *Masquenongee*; which name is yet in use. For a considerable time, this fish was deemed only a variety of the *E. Lucius*, or big fresh-water pike of Europe. But there is room to doubt the correctness of this classification. For among other marks of difference, are several which are conclusive in the mind of the Count La Cepede.—The rays, in the *Branchiostegous* membrane, I counted yesterday, are 18, the

pectoral fin 16; Dorsal 19; Ventral 16; Caudal 30, or thereabout: making a mighty difference in the character. It must be considered a distinct species.

3. *A Superior Perch.*—From the same water I was highly gratified to see the large ruddy Perch. This fish seems by the regular serræ of the gill-cover and the thick covering of adhesive scales, to be a regular member of the *Perca* family. The fisherman had several that weighed each more than eight pounds. Our host purchased some for the table, and I considered them, from their firmness, good flavour, brownness on the outside and whiteness within, as ranking among the foremost. Their general figure was very much like the sheep-head (*Sparus ovis*) of the sea-coast; and according to my taste, nearly or quite as good. Being about to start for the neighbourhood of Oil-Creek immediately, I purchased one of the heaviest, and put it into the carriage, to be eaten at dinner the next day. We found on trial the fish to be admirable, and worthy to be classed with Sheephead. Oil-Creek is said to be considerably avoided by every kind of fish.—The name is derived from the petroleum, or mineral oil which issues copiously from numerous places, and renders the water disagreeable to them. Great quantities may readily be collected by throwing blankets on the surface abounding in the oil, and wringing them out when charged. It is really a matter of felicitation among the resident inhabitants, that they can buy a perch of eight to nine pounds weight, bearing a worthy comparison with the far-famed Sheephead, for twenty-five cents.

4. *Suckers* of large size.—Formerly the *Cyprinus*, or *Carp* family. comprehended the individuals having the general habit of the *Carp*, puckered and toothless mouths below, through which they were believed to receive their food by *suction*. Modern Ichthyologists have erected this section of the family into a new genus, called *Catostomus*, from the inferior position of their mouths. Some large individuals, which appeared to be the well-known species, were also in the market.—They were longer and heavier than the perch before-mentioned; but of a very inferior quality for food.

5. *The Cat-Fish or Silure.*—These fishes were exhibited of a larger size than I have

been accustomed to see them either in Philadelphia or Washington.

6. The Pickerel of Lake Erie.—The fish called *Pickerel* at Presquile, is unquestionably, not an individual of the Pike or *Esox* family. But is evidently a Perch, and may be classed with the *Perca* division of the old genus. The specimen before me is twenty-four inches long, and rather more than three inches deep in the thoracic parts. The girth at the posterior extremity of the gill-covers about twelve inches. Mouth wide, gape large, gill openings ample, upper-jaw lipped, and scarcely so long as the lower. A groove or notch in the former, to receive a process or projection near the lip of the latter. Both toothed, and in both the front teeth larger and stronger than the others. A row of teeth in the sides and front of the palate: of which the three foremost are the largest and stoutest, tongue and rest of the palate smooth.

Gills in double rows upon four arches on each side. Ventral fins on the thorax; and consist of five branching rays. Of these the first ray has a shiftening appendage or trace, that might be called a sixth. Pectoral fins have fourteen double rays with a brace on the upper side. The Branchiostegous membrane has seven distinct and strongly marked rays on each side. The gill-cover more than serrated behind, and exhibiting half a dozen tooth-like processes. The first operculum somewhat rough with scales, and ending backwards in a flexible and shining process.

Two distinct and unconnected dorsal fins, with a space of an inch and a half between them, the foremost spinous, and consisting of fourteen rays; the hindmost bristly, and composed of twenty rays. The anal fin has thirteen flexible rays, the greater part of which branch in double pairs. The caudal fin is composed of about twenty compound and branching rays; the extremity concave. Scales rough and strongly adhesive. Lateral line not very distinct, though perceptible enough all the course from the upper part of the gill-opening to the middle of the tail.

Colour of the back a pale-brown: of the belly, neck, and throat a mixture of a silvery and milky-white. Most of the upper part of the head quite dusky, and of the tip of the snout and lower jaw almost black.—

Figure a good deal like a cod, tapering away from the head and shoulders to a slender tail. The eyes large, insomuch that the orbit is rather more than an inch in diameter. The flesh is reckoned but indifferent food, and not eaten when almost any other fish can be procured.

I regretted I could not bring home the several specimens. These memorandums may perhaps assist future travellers.

Erie, 24th Oct. 1824.

Plants collected at the Cataract of Niagara:

1. *Symphoria* of a species considered by Capt. Le Conte, as not having been described by Pursh; and which he believes to be another species, to be called *Symphoria glauca*, on Goat Island.

2. *Rhus toxicodendron*, in fruit, Goat Island; end of September.

3. *The Fire-weed*, so called because it springs up in great number and luxuriance, after fires, in the swamps and woods. It is a *Senecio*, and exists in vast quantity over a very extensive region.

4. *Ribes oxycanthoides*, or wild gooseberry.

5. *Urtica procera*, a graceful nettle.

6. Several species of *Solidago*, or goldenrod; among which, was the interesting species called *Solidago odora* found above the falls, and celebrated for its fragrance and as a wholesome tea.

7. *Lobelia syphilitica*, or Indian remedy for lues, at the very foot of the cataract.

8. *Gentiana quinqueflora*, from the immediate vicinity of the cataract, and several other species from the neighbourhood.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS

YOUNG.

THE poems of Young abound with beauties of the highest order, but there seems a disposition at the present day to undervalue their excellencies and therefore our time will not be unprofitably employed while we endeavour to show that they are really the productions of genius, and that their author deserves a place in

"The temple /
Where the dead are honour'd by the nations,"

It would however be idle to enter much into detail in the remarks we are about to offer on the works of Young. Posterity has recognised the justice of his claim to a distinguished rank among the bards of his country. Time, the most impartial of critics, has given judgment in his favour, and it would be presumption to argue for or against such an award. What pretensions to taste or feeling can that man have, who, after perusing the *Night Thoughts*, hesitates to pronounce their author a great poet? The poems to which this general title is affixed, are unquestionably very unequal, and we find in them many passages obscure, trite, and even trivial; but these imperfections are triumphantly redeemed by the frequent occurrences of sentiment and imagery, unequalled by few, and surpassed only by Shakespeare. While dwelling on these pathetic effusions of a noble mind, these melancholy breathings of a wounded spirit, aspiring amidst its sorrows to that immortality which alone were objects of its ambition, we appear to be wanderers at midnight amidst the beauty of an Italian landscape, where at times we have no light, save the glow-worm's lamp; but which is often illuminated by the soft lustre of innumerable stars, and the unclouded splendour of the moon. Poems in blank verse rarely become so universally popular as those in rhyme; yet by general readers, in almost every instance, the beauties of the *Night Thoughts* are properly appreciated; and this, if arguments were wanting, might be adduced as a proof, that they were written with the pen of genius; for if a literary work continues to delight the many, when interest and prejudice plead no longer, we may safely conclude, that it deserves the approbation it receives. The *Universal Passion*, notwithstanding its epigrammatic character, abounds with forcible observations on, and striking delineations of the various modes in which the changeling folly frolics out its hour in the busy dance of life. Pope's satires are mental caustics; we admire his wit, but are disgusted by the splenetic invectives which attack individuals rather than vices. Young, on the contrary, is never personal; he is a dignified moralist; for while reproving his vices, he leaves the criminal to obscurity; and while chastising folly, he pities the fool. His satires are, however dramatic, but the characters he delineates are fictitious; and to the reader that takes offence at such harmless freedom, a well-known proverb may be applied, "If the cap fits, wear it." The revenge, though in many particulars a shadow of *Othello*, is, in the closet at least, a very fine play. On the stage, it is sometimes heavy, for its success depends entirely on the manner in which Zanga is represented. The other productions of Young are inferior

to those mentioned above, but they all bear the stamp of genius; and on the whole, we may say of this writer in his own words, that his name will be remembered with praise,

"Till time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath
Plucking the pillars which support the world,
In nature's mighty ruins lies entom'b,
And midnight, universal midnight reigns!"

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty
dwell."

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

If you have blue eyes, you need not languish. If black eyes, you need not leer.

If you have pretty feet, there is no necessity to wear short petticoats. If you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting them be long.

If you have good teeth, do not laugh for the purpose of shewing them. If you have bad ones, do not laugh less than the occasion may justify.

If you have pretty hands and arms, there can be no objection to your playing on the harp, if you play well. If they are disposed to be clumsy, work tapestry.

If you have a bad voice, rather speak in a low tone.

If you dance well, dance but seldom. If you dance ill, never dance at all.

If you sing well, make no previous excuses. If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few people are judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would live happy, endeavour to promote the happiness of others.

VISIT TO A BEAUTY.

We give the following from Hall's *South America*:—In the early part of the evening, an English gentleman, resident at Copiapo, took me to visit a family of his acquaintance living in the undisturbed suburb, called the Chimba. Though almost worn out with the day's work, I was tempted to go, by the promise of being presented to the handsomest young woman in Chili. We had come, it is true, to Copiapo, with our thoughts full of mines and earthquakes; or, if we had originally any thoughts of mixing with society, the desolate appearance of the

town had chased them away: nevertheless, we could not refuse to visit a lady with her pretensions. We found her very pretty and agreeable; but what entertained us particularly was her vehement desire to have a wider field for the display of her charms, which, to do the secluded beauty no more than justice, were of a very high order, even in this land of fascination. The accounts she had heard from others of the fashionable world of Santiago and Coquimbo, had so completely turned the young lady's head, that earthquakes had ceased to make their usual impression. "I see," cried she, "other people running out of their houses full of terror, beating their breasts and imploring mercy; and decency, of course, obliges me to do the same; but I feel no alarm—my thoughts are all at Coquimbo. How can my uncle be so unkind as not to repeat his invitation?" We consoled the damsel as well as we could, and as she had spoken of earthquakes, asked her if there had been one lately? "No," she answered, "not for some time—I really do not think I have felt one myself for three days—somebody said there was one last night, but I knew nothing of it—I am tired of these earthquakes, and would never think of them again if I were once at dear Coquimbo!"—

Madame la Maupin.—She was the successor of La Rochois, and seems to have been a most extraordinary personage. She was equally fond of both sexes, fought and loved like a man, and resisted and fell like a woman. Her adventures are of a very romantic kind. She married a young husband, who was soon obliged to absent himself from her, to enter on an office he had obtained in Provence: she then ran away with a fencing-master, of whom she learned the small-sword, and became an excellent fencer, which was afterwards a useful qualification to her on several occasions. The lovers first retreated from persecution to Marseilles, but necessity soon obliged them to solicit employment at the opera there; and, as both had by nature good voices, they were received without difficulty. But soon after this she was seized with a passion for a young person of her own sex, whom she seduced; but the object of her whimsical affection being pursued by her friends and taken, was thrown into a convent at Avignon, where Maupin soon followed her, and, having presented herself as a novice, obtained admission. Some time after, she set fire to the convent, and availing herself of the confusion she had occasioned, carried off her favourite; but being pursued and taken, she was condemned to the flames for contumacy; a sentence, however, which was not executed, as the young Marseillaise was found and restored to her friends.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 16. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MINERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Spanish Lovers.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Town and Pagado of Dwarka.*

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Richard Wilson.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Works of Eminent Authors.*

THE GRACES.—*The Women of Colombia. Confessions of a French Woman.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Credulity.*

POETRY.—*Original and other pieces.*

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Pocket-handkerchief" is received, and will have an early insertion.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The legislature of New-Jersey has passed the Morris and the Delaware and Raritan canal bills.

Mr. Conway has closed a successful engagement at Charleston. The receipts on his benefit night were upwards of \$1000. Mr. Burroughs has renewed his engagement at Boston, where he is playing to full houses.

It having been ascertained that flame does not pass through wire gauze, masks, and cages of this material are recommended to be worn by all persons engaged in extinguishing fires; also that houses on fire should be surrounded with a wall of wire gauze to prevent the fire communicating with other buildings.

MARRIED,

Mr. G. A. Butt to Miss M. E. Coskery.
Mr. J. D. Kirk to Miss C. M. Bartsch.
Mr. A. Van Blaricum to Miss R. De. Baun.
Mr. C. F. Gojon to Miss A. Vabre.
Mr. E. Ferris to Miss R. Van Boskerck.

DIED,

Mr. James Murry, aged 28 years.
Miss Mary C. P. Macomb.
Mr. G. Warner, aged 75 years.
Mr. Chauncey Burt, aged 30 years.
Mr. Robert Gould, aged 69 years.
Mr. John M'Donald, aged 45 years.
Mrs. Hannah Tapp, aged 37 years.
Mr. James Cate.
Capt. John Viale.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

Our readers remember the "Sword Song" of the hero and poet, Korner. The following tribute to his grave is from the pen of the "eleventh" Muse, Mrs. Hemans.

GREEN wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest, Soldier!—By the Father's hand,
Here shall the Child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and Bard!—For thou thy path hast trod
With Freedom and with God!

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite!
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee,
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,
That Lyre and Sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying;
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying
Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
—She loved thee! lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not!
Thou hast thine Oak, thy trophy, what hath she!
Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!
Ye were but two! and when that spirit passed,
Woe for the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long! She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest!
Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,
It answered hers no more!

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perished—be the Flower deplored
Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—So let those trust,
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love where love is but a fount of tears!
Brother! sweet Sister! peace around ye dwell!
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

* "The Poems of Korner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany."

The Ettrick Shepherd was in his highest inspiration when he wrote those lines

Invocation to the Queen of the Fairies

No Muse was ever invoked by me,
But a harp uncouth of olden key;
And with her have I ranged the border green,
The Grampians stern, and the starry sheen;
With my gray plaid flapping around the strings,
And my ragged coat with its waving wings.
But ay my heart beat quick and high,
When an air of heaven in passing by
Breathed on the mellow chords, and then
I knew it was no earthly strain;
But a rapt note borne upon the wind
From some blest land of unbodied kind;
But whence it flew, or whither it came
From the sounding rock, or the solar beam,
Or the seraph choir, as passing away
O'er the bridge of the sky in the showery day,
When the cloudy curtain pervaded the east,
And the sun-beam kissed its watery breast;
In vain I looked to the cloud over head;
To the echoing mountain, dark and dread;
To the sun-fawn fleet, and aerial bow;
I knew not whence were the strains till now.

They were from thee, thou radiant dame,
O'er Fancy's region that reign'st supreme!
Thou lovely thing of beauty so bright,
Of everlasting new delight:
Of foible, of freak, of gambol and glee;
Of all that teases,
And all that pleases,
All that we fret at, yet love to see.
In petulance, pity, and passions refined,
Thou emblem extreme of the female mind!

Thou seest thyself, and smil'st to see
A shepherd kneel on his sward to thee;
But sure thou wilt come, with thy tuneful train,
To assist in his last and lingering strain.
O come from thy hall of the emerald bright,
Thy bowers of the green and the mellow light,
That shrink from the blaze of the summer noon,
And ope to the light of the modest moon;
I long to hail the enchanting mien
Of my loved Muse, my Fairy Queen,
Her roselay of green with its sparry hue,
Its warp of the moon beam and web of the dew;
The smile where a thousand witcheries play,
And the eye that steals the soul away;
The strains that tell they were never mundane,
And the bells of her palfrey's flowing mane;
Ere now have I heard their tinklings light,
And seen my Queen at the noon of the night
Pass by with her train in the still moonlight.

Then she, who raised old Edmund's lay
Above the strains of the olden day;
And waked the bard of Avon's theme
To the visions of a midnight dream:
And even the harp that rang abroad
O'er all the paradise of God,
And the sons of the morning with it drew,
By her was remodelled and strung anew.
Come thou to my bower deep in the dell,
Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven and hell,—
That land of a thousand gilded domes,
The richest region that Fancy roams!

I have sought for thee in the blue hare bell,
And deep in the foxglove's silken cell,
For I feared thou hadst drank of its potion deep,
And the breeze of the world had rocked thee asleep.

Then into the wild-rose I cast mine eye,
 And trembled because the prickles were nigh,
 And deemed the specks on the foilage green
 Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen;
 Then gazing, wondered if blood could be
 In an immortal thing like thee!
 I have opened the woodbine's velvet vest,
 And sought in the lily's snowy breast;
 At gloaming lain on the dewy lea,
 And looked to a twinkling star for thee,
 That nightly mounted the orient sheen,
 Streaming with purple, and glowing with green,
 And thought, as I eyed its charming sphere,
 My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.

Then would I sigh and turn me around,
 And lay my ear to the hollow ground,
 To the little air-springs of central birth
 That bring low murmurs out of the earth:
 And there would I listen in breathless way,
 Till I heard the worm creep through the clay,
 And the mole deep grubbing in darkness drear,
 That little blackamoer pioneer;
 Nought cheered me, on which the daylight shone,
 For the children of darkness moved alone;
 Yet neither in field nor on flowery heath,
 In heaven above nor in earth beneath,
 In star nor moon nor midnight wind,
 His elvish Queen could her Minstrel find.

But now have I found thee, thou vagrant thing,
 Though where I neither may say nor sing;
 But it was in home so passing fair
 That an angel of light might have lingered there;
 It was a place never wet by the dew,
 Where the sun never shone, and the wind never blew,
 Where the ruddy cheek of youth ne'er lay,
 And never was kissed by the breeze of day:
 As sweet as the woodland airs of even,
 And pure as the star of the western heaven;
 As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,
 And soft as the down of the solan's breast.

Yes, now have I found thee, and thee will I keep,
 Though spirits yell on the midnight steep,
 Though the earth should quake when nature is still,
 And the thunders growl in the breast of the hill:
 Though the moon should scowl through her pall of gray,
 And the stars fling blood on the Milky Way;
 Since now I have found thee I'll hold thee fast
 Till thou garnish my song, — it is the last:
 Then a maiden's gift that song shall be,
 And I'll call it a Queen for the sake of thee.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

(From the Spanish)

One eve of beauty, when the sun
 Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,
 To gold converting, one by one,
 The ripples of the mighty river;
 Beside me on the bank was seated
 A Seville girl with auburn hair,
 And eyes that might the world have cheated,
 A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
 Just as the loving sun was going,
 With such a soft, small, shining hand,
 I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
 Her words were three, and not one more,
 What could Diana's motto be?
 The Siren wrote upon the shore—
 'Death, not inconstancy!'

And then her two large languid eyes
 So turned on mine, that, devil take me,
 I set the air on fire with sighs,
 And was the fool she choose to make me.
 Saint Francis would have been deceived
 With such an eye and such a hand:
 But one week more, and I believed
 As much the woman as the sand.

EPIGRAM.

A Vapour Fit.

Hardly the gods have dealt with man,
 However short the life they gave;
 For many a woe has mark'd the span,
 And cold's the comfort of the grave.

When ask'd what lot for man was best,
 Silenus sagely made reply:
 Not to be born, was the most blest;
 The next was, soon as born to die.

Epitaph on Mr. Aire.

Under this stone of marble fair,
 Lies the body entomb'd of *Gervase Aire*;
 He dy'd not of an augue fit,
 Nor surfeited of too much wit:
 Methinks this was a wond'rous death,
 That *Aire* should die for want of breath.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
 Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Teeth.

PUZZLE II.—Poverty.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

In wealth I abound; in water I stand;
 As a fencer I'm valued all over the land;
 At Venice I'm famous; by farmers I'm prized;
 Respected by law, yet by huntsmen despised;
 Consternation and ruin ensue when I break;
 And the beasts of the forest advantage on't take.

II.

I inhabit a forest; and dwell in a city,
 For mischief I'm famous, and reckon it witty;
 The watch I assail; dogs are my sworn foes;
 My powers of cleansing the laundress well knows.

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